

puppy love

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/24885016) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/24885016>.

Rating:	Not Rated
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Video Blogging RPF
Relationship:	Clay Dream/GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)
Character:	GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF)
Additional Tags:	Fluff and Hurt/Comfort , Magic , Alternate Universe - Fantasy , Kinda , it's minecraft but they live in it , Cuddling , Cringe , dog dream , not for long doe , i honestly have no idea how to tag help m , Fluff , Light Angst
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2020-06-24 Updated: 2020-07-05 Words: 6,428 Chapters: 4/?

puppy love

by [orphan_account](#)

Summary

"Wait, wait - what did you do to my dog?!" George's high pitched scream rang in both his own ears and the stranger's, causing the two of them to immediately wince.

"No, you don't understand!" The man groaned, annoyance leaking into his tone, throwing his arms up before bringing them down and gesturing to himself frantically, "It's me! Dream! I am your dog!"

Notes

oh hey uhhh just before you read this, a disclaimer: this work is purely fiction, and in no way am i trying to assume dream and george's sexualities and relationship with each other. this is purely based off of their personas, so please don't harass them (or anyone in general, really) with shipping and stuff like that.

if either happen to find this (hopefully not oml) and want it taken down, i will of course take it down immediately!!! oh, and i will also take this down if either george or dream state that they do not want to be shipped/find fanfics uncomfortable.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Chapter 1

"Dream, boy, where are you?" A rather panicked voice shouted from across the swamp he was currently trying to navigate, cringing immediately as his foot sunk into the boggy ground, painting his scuffed black trainers a lighter, muddy brown. Upon hearing an equally anxious whine, seemingly coming from a dog, the man (who went by George) lit up and stumbled forwards, pushing a few sweat-soaked locks of brown hair out of his face, tugging the sunglasses resting on the top of his head down and over his eyes. "Bark, Dream!"

Silence dragged out for far too long, making George very uneasy, pausing in his steps and shifting nervously, squinting through the darkness and light blanket of fog belonging to the swamp. Then, to ease his poor heart that was violently thumping in his chest, a yip echoed throughout the area, followed by cackling of...witches? "Dream!" George practically screamed, voice raising high in pitch as he unsheathed his iron sword from his belt, lifting it up high as he ran as fast as his legs could allow for him to do so.

Upon reaching the scene of the crime, the young man blindly swung his sword, wincing as bottles of potions smashed past him, their contents fizzling out and dribbling along the damp grass. George gasped as one hit a light grey bundle of fur (his own dog Dream, which he could easily identify by the dark green collar around his neck) curled up tightly on the ground - fortunately, none of the glass from the bottle had hit it, only the liquid inside. Which wasn't any better by all means.

A wave of anger washed over his terror, George running in front of his dog and raising his sword once again, this time his swings much more sloppier than before, purely focused on keeping both him and Dream safe from the witches, who were relentless with their potion throwing. "Oh my god - how many do they have?!" George could've sobbed, but held back as he whacked one of the witches on their heads, watching with satisfaction as it fell to the ground and disappeared in a puff of smoke. With that, it was much easier to defeat the rest of them, albeit still tough.

Finally, he was able to get one more hit in on the last witch, heaving a sigh of relief as it followed the same fate as its friends. His pride was short lived as he suddenly remembered his precious pooch and his state. He whirled around, dropping to his knees as he ran a hand through the thick and unruly fur, matted with a sticky crimson (what he guessed was at least) substance. At first George freaked out since he thought his dog was bleeding out, before he realised that it was his own hand, cut in many places. "I'm sorry, Dream. Here, let's get you home-"

He shoved his sword back into its sheathe before focusing on Dream again. With a lot of effort he scooped the dog into his arms, grunting as he ever so carefully slung the canine over his shoulders, both arms coming to wrap themselves around the dog's body as to make sure he didn't just slip from George's grip and fall on to the floor. Fortunately for him, Dream clung on for dear life, making him even more secure than before. A growl rumbled in the dog's throat, the sound meagre and weak, which George guessed was out of pain as he would follow the sounds up with pitiful whimpers: it broke the man's heart into tiny shards.

It didn't take too long for the two of them to get back to the village, where George's house resided. It was a quiet place, with most of the monsters that threatened to invade it getting chased away by the many iron golems (some of which were created by yours truly and his good friend). Speaking of, he was just outside of the front gates, awaiting permission from two of the iron golem's guarding it to head inside. The giants towered over him easily, blankly staring down at him before lumbering out of the way, George nodding his thanks and rushing inside.

"Sapnap! I'm home!" He called out as he yanked his front door open, swiftly wrapping his arms back around Dream again, having to drop one to actually let himself inside. George kicked his leg out behind him and winced as the door slammed shut, shaking the whole house briefly.

As he made his way over to the sofa to place his dog down, frantic footsteps pattering against the wooden floor. They halted as they drew nearer to George, who was busying himself by feeding small chunks of cooked mutton to Dream, who in return hesitantly chewed, ears pinned against the back of his head, tail wagging ever so slightly. "Jeez, George, I thought someone had broken in or something." The man snapped his head up, smiling sheepishly at his friend

"Sorry, Sapnap." He apologised with a small chuckle at the other's dishevelled appearance - this earned a glare from Sapnap who rolled his eyes and crossed his arms over his chest with a huff.

"Yeah, you'd better be." His gaze flitted to the whining dog on their sofa, frowning at his state.

"Woahh, what even happened?" Sapnap went to stroke Dream, though he yapped angrily at the young man, startling both George and Sapnap. He put his hands up in surrender and moved back, "Okay, okay, chill."

Giggling at the interaction, George stood up from his kneeled position on the ground, grunting as he stretched out his arms over his head, mouth opening in a lethargic yawn. Tears pricked at the corners of his eyes and he took his sunglasses off, rubbing at his eyes before throwing the glasses to one side without any care, before focusing on cleaning his own hand, hissing in pain as he pressed a wet flannel to it.

Sucking in a breath, he finally answered Sapnap, after realising he had yet to say anything. "Err - witches happened. They appeared out of *literally nowhere!* Then they had the audacity to throw potion bottles at Dream! Like, what is their problem?" George huffed in annoyance, grabbing the roll of bandages off of the table, struggling to get it around his hand.

This earned a roll of Sapnap's eyes (for getting attacked by witches or being unable to apply bandages was unknown to George, however). He made his way over to the shorter man and snatched the bandages, wrapping it all over George's cuts, not very careful as he did so. "There, loser." He finished, ruffling the other's dark brown hair fondly. George scoffed. "And you're such an idiot, you know that? How are you gonna survive without me this week?"

George quirked a brow before his eyes grew wide, gasping quietly. "I completely forgot!"

"You hurt me, George." Sapnap sighed softly, a pout forming on his lips before he paused, staring at his friend with a puzzled expression. "Wait, you genuinely forgot? What the hell, George?"

George spluttered, cheeks being dusted in a gorgeous shade of pink, spreading all over his face like a fire. Sapnap continued, seemingly unimpressed, though his wide grin said otherwise, "I'd say I'm disappointed but I kinda expected this, not gonna lie. Anyway, I'm going for three days-"

He was cut off by the other, who groused and lightly punched Sapnap's arm, though it was really all in good nature. "I know that, you... stupid idiot. Just forgot that it was tomorrow is all." This earned yet another eye roll from Sapnap, but he didn't push it and instead made his way over to his own room, wishing his friend a goodnight, who returned it.

George took note of Dream, sleeping peacefully, chest rising and falling as he snored. The edges of his mouth twitched, a gentle smile gracing his features. He was so thankful he had been able to save his dog before it was too late - the mere thought made him sick to the stomach. The dog had been with him for a good few years now, ever since George (coincidentally) found him half-dead and alone in a swamp, though it was a much different one to the swamp they had been in that night.

George had worked ever so hard to get the injured dog back on his feet - well, *paws*, more like - and had been absolutely thrilled when Dream had slowly warmed up to him.

George had never seen rain so bad. It slammed down hard and heavy, dark grey clouds heaving themselves across the sky, accompanying the violent bout of rain. Thunder rumbled in the sky, and the man cursed under his breath. He breathed a shaky breath and stiffly turned around, silently thanking the safety of the cave he had decided to take refuge in.

He got to work building a fire, yelping and jumping away when it burst to life all of a sudden, crackling and spitting at the stone floor, warming it up. The man glanced to the entrance of the cave, where Dream sat, refusing to move any closer to George and the fire. "Hey, boy, you wanna... warm up? You're soaking." He pointed out, earning what was meant to be a glare from his dog. The man sighed and settled himself down, reaching over for his bag and taking out some bread, ripping it in half and placing one part beside him.

Dream looked over his shoulder, tail beginning to wag as soon as he saw the food. He glanced from George to the bread, and did this a few times before growling lowly and stalking over to the man, snatching the bread and curling up a distance away from him. "You're such a mean dog, what's up with that?" George was mostly talking to himself, looking genuinely upset as he rested his chin on his knees, which had been brought to his chest.

Silence was the only answer he received, which he had obviously been expecting - he was talking to a dog, after all. He pitifully chewed at his bread, brows furrowed together. What he wasn't expecting, however, was for a fluffy snout to nuzzle his cheek, a gritty and rough tongue scraping across it in an attempt to comfort George. "D...Dream! Stop! That tickles-" he broke off into giggles, trying to push the dog away from him, to no avail. He did eventually pull away, only when the man laid down on the floor, the dog taking the opportunity to curl up beside his owner.

A fond look showed on George's face, cooing at his dog, running a hand through his thick and unruly fur. He wondered if Dream was beginning to actually warm up to him, though he assumed they still had a while to go - for whatever reason that George couldn't pinpoint.

George wouldn't call himself a patient person, in fact he could be... well, impatient at times, though he was more than happy to wait for the dog to warm up and trust him, no matter how long it took - perhaps he was just used to it by that point? Whatever reason, it didn't matter, as he was absolutely determined to get the animal to like him.

He reminisced for a few more moments, memories of all of the adventures they had gone on together resurfacing in his mind. "Good boy," he murmured softly, scooping up the dog once again, careful as to not wake him from his slumber.

The man stumbled, trying his hardest not to just topple over with the heavy weight in his arms, managing to get Dream into George's room and place him on the bed, nearest the wall. He changed quickly, desperate to sleep and forget about what had happened that day. It wasn't necessarily bad

what had happened, but he just didn't want to relive the fear of losing his companion he had felt in that fight.

Shaking his head, George clambered into bed, exhaling sharply and yanking his blanket over himself, not bothering to cover the dog as well - Dream would probably end up either not using it or hogging the blanket all to himself. He let his eyes flutter shut, turning on his side.

A few worrisome thoughts plagued his mind as he tried to drift off: he hadn't ever found out what potion had been thrown at Dream and affected him. His eyes opened immediately, turning his head to look over at the dog - he didn't seem to be in pain, or any weaker than usual. His dread was overtaken by relief, George relaxing once again and closing his eyes, finally allowing sleep to overtake him.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

When George woke up, he was freezing - an onslaught of shivers wracked his entire body, causing him to shudder and curl up a little in a pathetic attempt of warming himself up. At first, he ignored the millions of goosebumps that littered his arms and legs, far too drowsy to even care. But, when he attempted to pull his blanket up and over his trembling body, he noticed that... well, there was no blanket.

Which was rather odd to say the least, as George swore he could remember going to bed with it. Both confusion and fear clouded his mind, lips curling into a soft frown. The sleepy man rubbed at his eyes before pushing himself up, stretching his arms and legs out before jumping up, padding lazily over to his bedroom door.

He stopped short upon hearing a loud crash from outside the room, eyebrows shooting up and his heart practically leaping out of his chest, thumping hard and threatening to break out. George let out a string of panicked noises, most of them squeaks and splutters, and went to grab his sword, fumbling around in the dark for a bit.

Though, he remembered that he had in fact left it in the living room and cringed at his actions, pinching the bridge of his nose sharply before yanking the lantern off of his bedside table, holding it up in front of him as though it were his weapon. Taking a deep, deep breath, he grasped the handle of his door and lifted it up as he pushed it open, as to make sure it didn't creak. George paused and then stepped outside, treading carefully on the wooden flooring.

He made his way to near the kitchen as soon as he heard shuffling and footsteps coming from there, praying that it was only Sapnap (had the man left already? He begged that he was still in). George stopped short, gulping. He poked his head around the corner and squinted his eyes, attempting to see through the dark (why he hadn't turned his lantern on yet puzzled him also).

Though it was hidden by the lack of light, George could make out the figure was a person, but most definitely not Sapnap. This person was taller than his friend, although not by too much, he seemed a lot more muscular, and his hair was scruffy (from what George could make out, at least).

He was hunched over one of the counters, it seemed like, digging around through one of the many chests, probably filled with food. George's legs felt like they would buckle at any given moment, and he grasped the wall beside him for dear life, hyperventilating at this point because *a stranger was in his kitchen, stealing his food*.

Out of the corner of his eye, he spotted something barely gleaming under the moonlight that shone through the window and curtains, casting a dim glow on the ground. In a quick and clumsy movement, George leapt over to the spot, crouching to grab his chipped and broken sword, ducking in front of the sofa.

Everything went hushed. Neither dared to move, petrified they would be caught. After a few intense beats of pure silence, the person in the kitchen seemed to have moved as George could hear some more shuffling.

He struggled to light his lantern, barking out a laugh when he finally did so, jumping to his feet, darting towards the kitchen with his sword raised, absolutely set on at least knocking this stranger

out (after he had tossed the lantern on to the table, first).

They whirled around at an alarming speed, wincing when the light hit their face. George didn't have time to register their looks, too focused on protecting himself. "Wait!" The person yelled, only just missing getting slammed on the head by George's sword. "Please, please! I can explain!" They begged, and George couldn't help but feel a little guilty, until he noticed that they actually had *his* blanket wrapped around their shoulders, covering their body.

He slammed into the stranger's chest, knocking the breath out of them, satisfied when they let out a startled wheeze. George tackled them to the floor, scrambling to shove himself up and off of their chest. Once doing so, he pressed a hand against it to keep them down, sliding back a bit and pressing his knees into the ground beside the stranger's hips, almost straddling them. "Come on, man! Can't I explain myself first?"

"Okay, okay, just... who are you? Why are you in my house? How did you even get in?" George rambled, stuttering and faltering over his words, eyes wide and suspiciously searching the other's body.

George tried not to think about the position they were in, instead focusing on the what the person looked like: there was both an embarrassed and fearful expression that he wore. The man - George had made out, taking note of the stubble lining his chin and jaw, and his low voice - had messy blonde hair, going well with the faint freckles that littered his flushed face (which George would've called handsome if the circumstances were different).

That was when George noticed he was more than likely not wearing anything at all, and George's blanket was the only thing keeping him relatively decent. His eyes grew comedically wide, catching the other off guard, who had the audacity to laugh at George, despite everything going on - it was a concerning high pitched wheeze, that made it seem as though the other had some awful breathing problems, though it was rather contagious and took everything in George to not crack a grin.

Whilst he was tempted to ask if the stranger was alright, he instead simply bit his tongue and demanded the other to answer his questions with a sharp glare. The other's arms came up in front of his chest, without disturbing the hand already there, in a defensive action. "I can tell you, but... do you have to be sat on me whilst I do it? It's nice and all but really distracting." George choked on his own spit, coughing and hacking at the choice of words.

Refusing to listen to the other (also not trusting him at all), he pressed his hand down even harder, making the other shout and squirm. "Okay! Jeez, okay, I'll tell you." Silence followed and the other giggled, shaking his head. "There's *no way* that you'll believe me, but, I am actually-"

George zoned out briefly, taking note of his wonderfully dark green eyes, which George could make out as they were the same colour as Dream's collar. "Dream!" The shorter gasped out, wondering why he hadn't seen his precious dog at all. Surely he would've heard all of the commotion and come out to help, right?

The intruder's eyes lit up and he grinned, nodding his head enthusiastically. "Yes! That's m-" He was cut off once again by George.

"Dream! C'mere, boy!" He didn't take note of how the other groused and rolled his eyes, chuckling a little as he mumbled a small 'you're *so* stupid' under his breath.

When George got no response, he whipped his head around and almost murdered the stranger with his stare, leaning into his face and snapping. "What did you do?"

Once again, the man held his hands up in front of him defensively, shaking his head with a shrug. "I didn't do anything! Well, actually, I did, basically. But your dog is-"

"Wait, wait - what did you do to my dog?!" George's high pitched scream rang in both his own ears and the stranger's, causing the two of them to immediately wince.

"No, you don't understand!" The man groaned, annoyance leaking into his tone, throwing his arms up before bringing them down and gesturing to himself frantically, "It's me! Dream! I am your dog!"

Chapter End Notes

woAhhhH thank you all so much for the kind comments and kudos úwù!! it means a lot - i also pogged irl when i saw that i had 69 kudos get it ahahaha funny number

anyway, sorry for leaving it on such a eRrr cliffhanger (??), but i didn't wanna put two flashbacks back to back cause that seems weird idk (also it's shorter than i thought which is a bruh moment smh cringe)

ALS O POG FOR GEORGE MY MAN HIT 1 MIL LETS GOOOOOOO

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

George's initial thought to that news was to just knock the obviously delusional man out. *He was Dream?* What was that even supposed to mean? A part of him wanted to laugh, taken aback completely by the confession (if you could even call it that). Though, he refrained, despite his mind screaming at him to just run away from this weird intruder.

"Wha...? That... I- that doesn't make any sense! I'm not stupid, I know you're lying." George leaned back and crossed his arms over his chest, rushing to shove both of his hands down on to Dream's chest once again as to make sure he wouldn't try to escape. "What did you really do to Dream? Remember, I've got the sword, I could just... kill you if I needed-"

The other scoffed and gave a harsh roll of his eyes, a smirk tugging at the ends of his lips, chapped and parched, "You wouldn't kill me, though, would you?" He grinned wide and proud when George glanced away, pouting slightly with furrowed brows. "Awe, Georgie, don't look so upset!"

Silence. Then, the shorter was scrambling up, only to be tugged back down by the stranger, who grabbed both of his wrists in his larger, much stronger hands, calloused in a few places. "How do you know my name?" He gulped, suddenly trembling in the other's grip.

The stranger paused upon noting George's apprehension, a concerned frown gracing his handsome features, softening his grip and letting his arms fall beside him, propping himself up on his elbows. Their eyes met for a few brief moments, but George jumped to his feet before they could stare at each other longer.

He went to pick up his sword, tilting his head to the side when the stranger handed it to him, muttering a small *'thanks'* to him with annoyance leaking into his tone. George took a few steps back when the man got to his feet - George immediately glanced to the side, slapping a hand over his eyes as soon as he noticed the blanket falling, earning yet another wheeze of laughter from the other. "It's f-fine, George," he chuckled out, placing a hand over his mouth to stifle his laughter.

"I-" George began, starting to pace. "-okay, so let's say you actually *are* Dream-"

"I am!" The stranger cut in loudly, an amused grin pulling at the corners of his lips, tipping his head down as to properly look at the shorter man, who had a bright red face (probably from frustration) and was scowling.

"Whatever. Just... why are you raiding my kitchen in the middle of the night? And how did you manage to sneak out of my room without me noticing?" George went to cross his arms over his chest, though his sword hit the kitchen counter and a tiny chunk of the worn iron went flying. He blinked, startled, before resuming with what he was saying, "Also, how come Sapnap didn't hear you, either?"

The man's smile didn't falter - in fact, it only grew as George went on. "I was still a dog when Sapnap headed out - he pet my head and everything. And then only a few minutes later I started to feel really sick and then..." he threw his arms out to exaggerate his point, "well, suddenly, I had two legs instead of the usual four. The sudden change made me really hungry so I went to get food."

George paused, mouth opening and closing a few times as he registered what he had just been told,

brows furrowing together. He couldn't comprehend the information, rubbing at his temple thoughtfully as he leaned against the counter, squinted gaze flitting over the table. His eyes caught on to a torn collar, the exact same colour as Dream's, just halfheartedly thrown onto the table.

"George?" A surprisingly concerned voice snapped him out of his train of thoughts, whipping his head up to where he met a soft pair of eyes, intently focused on his face. "I know it's probably a lot to take in, but -"

"No, no, I think I... I think I get it." He paused before shaking his head, "No. Not at all, actually." He continued as soon as he saw the other's face fall, "*But*, I believe it's you. It's completely taboo and-and not normal *at all!* But I don't think that you're lying. At least, not completely."

He carefully looked up, almost screaming when Dream lunged at him, wrapping his arms taut around the shorter's waist, tugging him into a warm hug. George's face flooded a fantastic shade of scarlet, spreading down his neck and to his ears. He grumbled, attempting to escape the grasp, though he was unable to. "Alright, Dream, I said not completely." His voice was muffled by his own blanket (also because of the fact that his face was pressed against the man's chest).

Dream hesitantly let his hold on George loosen, taking a few steps away and scratching the back of his neck sheepishly, "You can just call me Clay, George - it's my real name after all."

There was a pause, shared by the two men, before George squinted at him, cocking a brow suspiciously. "Erm, Clay? Like... like the block?"

Bursting out into laughter, Dream shook his head, hair bouncing on his slumped shoulders, falling in front of his face a little. "No, not like the block!" He managed to finally get out, "That's s-so stupid,"

Whilst the other was having yet another fit, George pondered on what information he had, trying to connect the pieces together. Though, in a bit of a sleepy haze from the rather cozy atmosphere, his thoughts became jumbled and slipped from his grasp, blurring together and hurting his head. "Ugh, whatever." George scoffed and gave a short roll of his eyes, eliciting a snort from Dream - or Clay, whatever his name was. "Why would I call you that?"

"It's a bit of a long story, but I can tell you it." Clay shrugged, moving to take a seat at the table, being stopped short by a firm hand on his shoulder. Frowning, he glanced down at George, quirking a brow. "Yeah?"

"Look... I...I think it would just be best if we went to sleep. I can hardly think straight." He admitted, tugging his hand down to grab his sword with two hands, trudging over to the coffee table and placing it down, swiftly heading back over to Clay, whose face had shifted into one of understanding.

Clay hummed his agreement, meeting George halfway. However, once again, he was stopped short as soon as he glanced in the direction of George's room. "Wait," The other began timidly, the blush from before reappearing, painting his face a beautiful shade of rose. "Uh, you should probably," he took a moment to recompose, "you should probably put some clothes on."

"Oh. Oh! For sure," Clay eagerly nodded his head, easily hiding his own flushed face. "Won't your clothes be a little... well, *short* on me?" He queried and George pointed over to where Sapnap's room was located, gesturing at it.

"You can just take something from him, for now. We can get you clothes tomorrow." He explained briefly, pushing Clay, who stumbled, in the right direction.

As soon as he disappeared behind his friend's door with a click, George heaved a huge sigh and fell back against the wall, legs trembling as he tried to keep himself up, unsure if he would forgive himself for just fainting. He couldn't believe what had just happened, but mostly he couldn't believe that he had, well, *believed* the man. While George didn't trust Clay completely, he was willing to let him explain himself, for some reason that he couldn't really place.

Shaking himself out of his train of thoughts, he began to head over to his own room, stopping as he reached the door, looking over his shoulder and wearily eyeing his sword. Better safe than sorry, right? Well, that was what George convinced himself as he darted over to grab the weapon, rushing into his room and pushing it under his bed, just incase.

With nothing else left to do, George fell back on to his bed, a little solemn when he realised he didn't have his dog to cuddle with anymore. Tears pricked at his eyes but he was quick to blink them away, refusing to get upset over something that (apparently) wasn't completely gone.

He did sit up when he heard the door creak open, only relaxing ever so slightly when he saw Clay, blanket folded in his arms, now wearing a jumper (similar in colour as Dream's collar was) and shorts, smirking at George. "So, where am I sleeping?" The man waggled his brows suggestively and George cringed, ignoring how his heart reacted to that comment.

"The floor." He grinned at Clay's whine in response to that, shaking his head as the man moved closer to the bed, about to clamber on to it. "No, no, no. Hold on, Dre - Clay, you are absolutely not sleeping on my bed."

"But George!" The man whined, and noticing that he wouldn't budge simply pouted and hurled the blanket at the man, who choked on a gasp and exclaimed in a loud sort of cacophony, "*Clay!*"

The man in question snickered, cupping his ears with his hands and moving to situate himself on the floor, frowning slightly. "Err, George?" At his muffled '*what?*', Clay pointed at George's head, "Can I have a pillow, at least?"

George agreed gruffly after a few beats and threw one of the fluffy pillows at the other's head, hearing him mumble his thanks before the room finally fell quiet, the two men once again allowing sleep to overtake them, although not as easy as it had been to do so before.

Chapter End Notes

wow i can't believe sapnap got bullied by a fourteen year old on stream the other day
smh smh pogn't

also listen to 'your city gave me asthma' by wilbur soot for no reason other than all the
songs are absolute b o ps

O H SORRY ANOTHER THING HAPPY 4 MIL TO DREAM!!!!!!

anyway, thank you everyone for all the kind comments!!!! you really love to see it,
they really help me feel a lot more motivated to write so thank you:)! and thanks for
all of the kudos as well i mean - 200????? thas craZZyyyyy i've never gotten so many
before so tyank you all so much!!!!

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Soft, light sunshine projected into the room through the teal and crumpled curtains, rousing George from his restless (turned peaceful) sleep. As he shifted, a soft groan slipping past his lips as he did so, he felt something warm press against his chest, over the shirt he wore.

At first, the young man chose to ignore it, mind still fuzzy and lethargic from sleeping. Though, he blinked his eyes open a little bit, bringing his hand up and wiping at his eyes furiously. Once everything was no longer blurred, George came to his senses.

Long, protective arms wrapped around his chest in a crushing hold, pressing George's back against another body, slotting into it almost perfectly. Longer and definitely much stronger legs were entangled with his, doing an even better job of holding him in place. Despite being in such a safe and comforting hold, George was thoroughly mortified, not at all remembering falling asleep with someone holding him.

George struggled to scramble up, trying his very hardest to rip himself free from the painfully tight grip. He wasn't sure of who was cuddling him, either, which just made him even more frenzied.

"Wha...?" A drowsy voice murmured into his neck, causing a screech to escape him and pierce even his own ears. George felt the arms loosen, though he had been trying to pull away already, accidentally throwing himself forwards.

He landed with his back flat against the hard floor, both legs still splayed across the bed. His arms were quick to cradle his head, George letting out whines as laid there. He didn't register someone scrabbling off of the bed and rushing to his side. "George! Are you okay?"

That familiar voice only made the ache he felt in his head throb. "No! I just fell off of my bed!" George sighed dramatically, dragging a hand down his flushed face, hot to the touch.

"Yeah, I watched you fall." Clay chuckled at his own retort, forcing himself to stop when he saw George's irritated gaze. He frowned and assisted the shorter man in sitting up, offering a toothy grin, to which George rolled his eyes (his lips did twitch, however, threatening to pull into a slight grin).

A frown then creased George's features, brows knitting together as he tilted his head to the side to look at Clay's face. "Wait... why were you even in my bed? Didn't I tell you to sleep on the floor?" His arms crossed over his chest as he glowered at the other accusingly.

"Well, yeah, but it was uncomfortable." Clay shrugged dismissively, knocking his fist against the wood as if to make a point, giggling at George's hushed *oh*. His cheeks grew a light pink and Clay glanced to the side, rubbing his arm awkwardly as he grumbled, "You also sounded like you were having a bad dream, so I wanted to help..."

An unbearable silence fell over the two men, almost suffocating them both as they struggled for words.

"I mean-" Clay began hurriedly, only to be cut off by an equally flustered George.

"Thank you-"

The two stared at each other with wide eyes before bursting out into laughter, snickers and giggles warming the air around them. It melted the unpleasant tension into something much lighter and cozy.

Until George remembered the events that had taken place only mere hours ago, dread pooling inside of his stomach. He groaned, ignoring Clay's puzzled look, and began to push himself to his feet, heading over to the door of his room. "What? Where're you going?"

George opened the door as he glanced behind at Clay, who had started to get up. He had to grip on to George's cluttered bedside table to balance himself, stretching out his legs to relieve them of any twinging pain. Once satisfied, he headed over to George, who finally found his answer, "Err, the kitchen, I guess. Hey, you still need to explain everything to me!"

Clay blinked a few times before nodding his head, obediently following the other into the main room, where George hurried to grab the abandoned, yet still flickering, lamp off of the kitchen table and blew it out. He surveyed the mess, food tossed about carelessly, the chests wide open.

Shooting a glare at Clay, he went to begin work in cleaning it all away, but was stopped by an arm in front of him. "I made the mess, I can clean it up, don't worry about it!" Clay offered, and who was George to deny?

It didn't take too long - George was sure to poke at and tease Clay for the mess, earning sharp retorts and frustrated shouts from said man. In the end, it wasn't exactly... perfect, to say, but at least the counters and floor were no longer cluttered with mess.

"You took your time," George hummed as Clay slumped against the table, cheeks burning a wonderful shade of bright red (probably from running around for the past ten minutes or so). He stifled a giggle at the man's frustrated face.

"Oh my gosh, you never shut up, do you?" He scoffed as he made his way to sit down beside George, sliding into the chair and bumping his shoulder against the other's, grinning when the shorter of the two punched his arm. "I was gonna say that you're warming up to me, but..."

George rolled his eyes, glancing away briefly. It was true, he wasn't as cautious around the other as he had been previously - in fact, he had softened up a considerable amount. It was more than likely due to the fact that he believed Clay was someone who wouldn't hurt him. Though, he was still on edge about the whole dog thing, even though it was more than likely true (or held some truth to it).

Deciding to ignore Clay, he instead fixed him with an accusing glare, bringing up his hand to poke a finger against his chest. "Hey, when are you going to tell me what even happened?"

Clay blinked. He then huffed, moving away from the finger, and teased, "Georgie! I'm hungry from all of that cleaning, can you make us breakfast, please?" He stared down at George with wide, pleading eyes and a pout.

He gave a hard roll of his eyes (for what felt like the hundredth time that morning) and crossed his arms over his chest, shaking his head. "You're just trying to... to scam me! I'll make you breakfast and then you'll go and ask for something else, an- and it'll just be a never ending cycle!" George rambled, almost falling off of his chair when a comforting hand grabbed at one of his shoulders and yanked him closer to Clay, their noses almost touching.

As a fire spread out over his face, Clay began in a surprisingly soft voice, "George, I have been travelling with you for years. You have my full loyalty, dog or not, and I wouldn't want to break that trust over something like this. Just... do *you* trust me?"

"I... I..." George began, glancing to the side as he murmured, "yes, fine, I trust you." He didn't really have to think about it, surprised by his own slight lack of hesitance. The two simply stared at each other, before Clay broke into a huge grin and cheered lightly, causing George to also grin.

They fell into a peaceful silence, neither speaking as they sat there, looking at one another. It was the calm before the storm, even though they weren't aware of that yet.

Then, Clay broke it, "So... what're my options?" He asked with a light blush dusting his cheeks, feigning innocent as he leaned back in his chair. George tilted his head curiously, brushing his hair out of his face.

"Your options?"

"Yeah, for breakfast." The man's grin grew even wider than before - he looked ever so slightly maniacal, and it didn't help that he burst out into roaring laughter at George's greatly unimpressed face.

"Clay!" George held back a laugh of his own when the taller began wheezing, unable to control the sputtering sounds he made as he did so.

Chapter End Notes

do you ever just uhhhhh find your writing so cringe baD that you give yourself writer's block??? cause yuh same

anyway, i promise the plot will actually start next chapter (and hopefully it'll be out much quicker than this chapter smh smh)!!!

but, once again, thank you all so much for the kind comments!! they really do help me feel much more motivated to write and continue this story, and they make me feel a lot more confident in my writing, i appreciate them all so much:)<3! and thanks for all of the kudos, too! like - i'm genuinely shocked, there's almost 300??? wowie!! that's crazyyy!!

End Notes

i already apologised for this cringe and awful work before but then ao3 decided to delete it all so thank you very cool!!!! i'm just upset cause i'm tired:(which is also why there might be loads of mistakes, and i apologise for that - pretty sure something autocorrected to mccartney but i think i chnaged that oops. usually i'm fine with this but wow not today paul

also, i just wanna make it veeeerrrryyyy clear that uhhh george is not in love with his dog, cause i realise that maybe the story is sounding like that bjut nO dww it isnt like tha

anyWyaya criticism is greatly appreciated:~)!

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!